

A strange sight to be seen at Westminster.

Within this House is to be seen
Such a Monster as hath not been
At any time in England, nay
In *Europe, Affrick, Asia*;
'Tis a Round Body without a Head
Almost these three yeares yet not dead.
'Tis like that Beast I once did see
Whose taile stood where the head should be:
And (which was never knowne before)
Though't want a Head, it has horns good store;
It has very little hair, and yet
(You'l say) it has far more hair then wit:
'Thas many eyes, and many ears,
'Tis full of jealousies and fears;
'Thas many mouths, and many hands,
'Tis full of questions and commands;
'Tis arm'd with Muskets, Pikes, it fears
Nought in the world, but *Cavaliers*.
'Twas borne in *England*, but begot
Betwixt the *English* and the *Scot*;
Though some are of opinion rather
That the Divell was it's Father;
And the City which (is worse)
Was it's Mother and it's Nurse.
Some say (though perhaps in scorne)
That it was a *Greian* borne;
But not unlike, for it has the fashion
Just as may be of that Nation;
For'tis a *Liar*, none o'th least,
A slow belly, an evill *Beast*:
Of what Religion none can tell,
It much resembles that in *Hel*.
Some say it is a *Jew* disguis'd,
And why? because'tis circumcis'd;
For'twas deprived long ago
Of many a Member we all know.
In some points it is a *Iesuit* Priest,
In some it is a *Calvinist*;
For'tis not justifi'd (it saith)
By *Good works*, but *Publick Faith*.
Some call't an *Anabaptist*, some
Thinke now that *Antichrist* is come.
'Tis a Creature of an uncouth kinde
Both for it's Body and it's Minde:
Make haste to see't, or'twill be gon,
For now'tis sick, and drawing on.

The State Mountebanke.

If any body politique
Of Plenty or of Peace be sick,
There's a *Physitian* come to Town
Of far stretcht Fame, and high Renowne:
Though call'd a *Mountebanke*, 'tis ment
(Both words being *French*) a *Parliament*.
Who from *Geneva*, and *Amsterdam*,
From *Germany* and *Scotland* come,
Now lies in *London*, but the place
(If men say true) is in his face.
His Scaffold stands on *Tower-hill*,

Where he on *Stratford* tri'd his skill;
Off went his head, you'l thinke him slain,
But straight 'twas voted on again.
Durnals are his weekly bills
Which shew how many he cures and kilse;
But of th'E rats wee'l advise,
For cure read kill, for truth read lies.
If any Traitor be d.f.as'd
With a sore neck, and would be eas'd,
Hee is a pill he calls a Vote,
Take it *extempore*, 'twill do't.
If any conscience be too strict,
Here's severall bills from Lectures pickt,
Which swallow'd down, will stretch it full
As far as'tis from hence to *Hel*.
Is any by Religion bound,
Or Law? and would be looser found,
Here is a Glyster which we call
His priviledge o're topping all.
Is any mony left, or plate,
Or goods? bring't in at any rate;
Hee'l melt three shillings into one,
And in a minute leave you none.
Here's powder to inspire your lungs,
Here's water that unties your tongues;
(Spite of the Law) 'twill set you free,
To speake treason only lispingly.
Here's Leeches, which it well appli'd,
And fed, stick closely to your side,
Till your superfluous blood decay,
Then they will breake and drop away.
But here's a soveraigne Antidote
(Be sure your *Soveraigne* never know't.)
Apply it as your Doctor pleases,
'Twill cure all wounds and all diseases.
A drug none but him selfe e're saw,
'Tis call'd a *Fundamentall Law*.
Here's glasses to delude the sight,
Darke lanterns, here bastard light;
This (if you conquer) trebles men,
(If lose) an hundred seems but ten.
Here's *Opium* to lull asleep,
And here lie dangerous plots in sleep.
Here stands the safety of the City,
There hangs the invisible Committee.
Plundring's the new Philosophers stone,
Turnes wares to gold, and gold to none.
And here's an Ordinance that shall
At one full shot enrich us all.
He's skilled in the *Mathematicks*,
And with his circles can doe tricks,
By raising spirits that can smell
Plots that are hacht as deep as *Hel*;
Which only to themselves are known,
(The Divel's ever kinde to's own.)
All this he gratis doth, and faith
Hee'l only take the *Publick Faith*.
Flock to him then, make no de'ay,
The next fair winde he must away.

Finis.